

BFC STEALS DA' TOIKE OIKE

Contest

This is the first contest of the year, but surely not the last! The challenge is for you to match the snappy cum-back with the lame excuse for not wanting to have SEX!!! The first five correct entries will receive a wonderful prize package from the BFC.

Submit to the Toike Box in SFB670 and we'll find you! Entries must be received by October 31, 1988 AD. All entries become the property of the Toike Oike, furthermore, any more excuses, or snappier answers that you submit are likely to be printed in next time's Toike. Submit early to avoid disappointment.

1. I've got a headache.
2. I've got to floss my cat.
3. My hamster is missing.
4. It's the wrong time of the month.
5. Why before breakfast.
6. Not while I'm driving.
7. I'm too tired.
8. I can't get it up.
9. My lips are sore / I'm sore.
10. My herpes are active.
11. I forgot to take my pill.
12. My diaphragm is stuck.
13. "No!"
14. Not while I'm in labour.
15. My husband threw away the key.
16. The ropes are too tight.
17. Thanks for coming out.
18. But I hardly know you.
19. I don't do this for free.
20. It won't fit.

- A. I've got some cream.
- B. That's OK, I'm a doctor.
- C. Do you accept VISA?
- D. Use something else.
- E. We'll manage without him.
- F. I've got the cure.
- G. This will wake you up.
- H. "Fuck Yes!"
- I. Let's try my battering ram.
- J. Bend over Peter.
- K. Blood doesn't scare a true soldier.
- L. George, pleased to meat you.
- M. Bullshit!
- N. "Shut the fuck up" (CRACK!!!)
- O. I've got a tool for that.
- P. OK, we'll skip the foreplay.
- Q. What shall we name him.
- R. Because I'm fucking awake.
- S. Is everything infected?
- T. Use the cruise.



This is not a picture of the BFC. Any resemblance to any persons living, dead or undead shall be dealt with. Be warned!!

Deep within the very bowels of the University there is a vast underground movement that concentrates on *ehnehilas*, the gentle little animal that can increase your income keeping the mice employed. This movement causes the SAC dome to change colour, clocks' hands to move mysteriously, the philosopher's walk to turn into a highway, and a variety of other subversive events. This group is not The Brute Force Committee (BFC for abbreviated). The BFC does not exist, never has existed, and never will exist so long as there are engineers to keep would-be renegades from forming such a band! The BFC has now not stolen the Toike Oike from the engineers, and any rumours to that effect shall now cease. We mean it man. Stop it now. STOP IT!!!

The non-existent BFC happens to have a HUGE sense of humour so they didn't make lots of people be funny for them especially that damned editord goof that wouldn't shut his face, he even chewed through the tape the first time.

The BFC has not been lying low for a while because they were doing bad things elsewhere, and because there were too many lesbians around. Lesbians can spot a BFC member at over 100m, and can sniff them out easily. What with all this lying low, the BFC became very restless and randy. Randy didn't know this though, but that's another story. Now the BFC ~~did~~ didn't feel they had to prove themselves, so they haven't been capering recently. The Varshity did not have their stupid sign stolen by the BFC, and SAC did not

have their carved door misplaced either, and the ransom notes are not printed in this Toike. Any ransom note in the Toike was not from the BFC - get it woman.

Blessed are those that keep the Toike Oike, especially this issue because it has doesn't have ~~the~~ the BFC's picture in it. Extra especially this Toike is proof of protection against the non-existent BFC. The BFC also has a sale on bridges, buy two, get one free. Don't call us we'll fuck you (Swedish stewardesses only). But wait don't answer yet... there's more! The BFC cannot be coerced into doing things no normal person would dare (at a price) so beware.

To give you a better idea of the kind of things that the BFC doesn't like to do, we have included in this Toike our photo-album from last weekend. Read on...

CREDITS

Popular People's Revolutionary Revolting Rotters:

BFC Take over crew: Da' Chief & Mario
(also subordinates)

The guy who said he was publisher that we had to tie up 'cause he farted alot:
Eric Matusiak

editurded by: Stephen Dobson

Computed by: Χαρψ Μορεττι
Δαωε Χηυνν

Soul Photographer: Dennis Bay
(He's really cool !!)

Other Hostages:

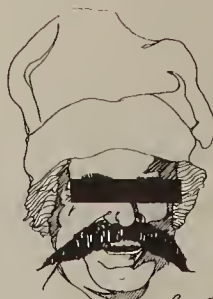
C. Dave Moretti
Kim Strangeby
Sarah Ronchi
Kevin Fair
Ken obnoxious F!rosh
Claudia - Ken's girlfreind
Dave Chung
Grant McCracken
Alan Bray
Jeremy Bateson
Robin Wilson



Special Thanks to: Brian Dobson

No Thanks to: the boys in blue with size 12 boots.

Mario's Bakery



Bon appétit!

We Deliver

EDITURIAL

Hullo owt their. This iz the Toike Oike Editureal peas. Sins it iz an editureal peas, eyz can says anythink eyz wents 2. Wot eyz reely wonis 2 says iz that eyz hayts get-tink taykun over by the Broot Force Cummittee (BFC) coz thay did puts me in this little room, and told me to be fun-nee for them. Thay just slipped evrythink they thawt eyz shood put in the Toike under the dor, and told me to do it. They awlso put this big bloke in here with me, and evry time eyz stop for a brake he duz starts yellink at me, but heez so dump that eyz can duz this peas and ask yoo 2 cum and sayv me from da BFC.

U shood nowt that this iz a hew-more publikashun, and az such shood be funnee. This meenz that U hav to luff my friend sayd. This iz my very first an problee my lust Toike coz eyz will problee fayl. Eyz actooly woz treeted prettee well by the BFC. Thay fed me pancayks coz thay fit under the dor much better than when thay tryd to get the sangwidg under the dor. Thowz BFC doods awlso fixt up a think so that thay cood get beez under the dor. But thay sayd it woz a sekret and knot 2 tell any-1.

Well, lyk eyz says b4, eyz onlee did wot eyz woz told 2 do. I didnt get adjusted thow so it woz better than when thowz SUC execute-meez sat on me (ooof) in the hundred and 4 degree room and mayd me do that daybook durink the sumer. Thees BFC doods r much better than that. They onlee whipped me and evrythink. Pleez remember that when yoo reed this yoo shood not tayk it too seeryowslee coz it is a hew-more publikashun. If yoo think that yoo might be taken ofencelee by aknee of theez artickls, then yoo shood problee knot reed this publikashun, and tayk 2 vallium (they r small yoo no) coz 2 thows that myt offend this kynd of publikashun r often offensiv to uthers that like the Toike.

2 the rest of evreebodee that duz like this kind of think, pleez recognize that wun hell off a lot of work woz dun by Terry moretti and also Rob Wilson. So even thow yooz guys didnt wont mee 2. Oh... and 2 awl those peepul that downt lyk me: I hope yoo liv 2 be a hundred and 4.

Downt forget:

THE ROAD IS EVIL, STAY OFF OF THE ROAD.

Stephen Dobson

Stephen Dobson,
Editur.



"I've never had it" - Donna Cieszynska.

"Haley ... You're too easy" - Laura Kinney.

"All that work to get it up there, and it doesn't even stay" - Robert Drascic.

"Thanks for cumming out" - Peter Noble

" " - Peter Mabec

"You're No Fun" - Rob Wilson.

"I thought Keren Morehead was a stripper" - Dennis Bay.

"Hey what's that thing in my fucking pants?!" - Cary Moretti.

"I've never done anything under my own initiative" - Sarah Ronchi.

"There's no such thing as saturday morning in my life." - Kim Stangeby.

"How's the Party Grant?"

"The roof is pretty neat!" - Grunt.

DISCLAIMER

The 'Toike Oike' is published at random intervals by the Engineering Society. The Toike contains wholly fictionalized stories presented as the truth. Any reference to the letters or words "B.F.C." or connotations on that part is purely an act of God and not subject to legal discussion. All thefts and/or destruction of property were conducted with the expressed permission of the Government of Canada, under the parliamentary act of 1931, "Non-existent funding for non-existent groups, Cat. 6969-6969, Federal Archives #3.14159". As in accordance with this act, this paper did not, does not and will not at any time exist in whole or in part. Please eat and thoroughly digest this paper after reading it. Then forget you ever read it or ate it. In fact, forget you read this... and also forget the previous reminder to forget you read this.....

Please address all non-existent replies or letters to:

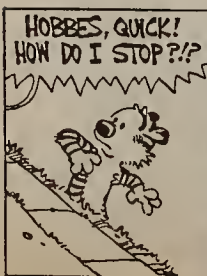
The (non-existent) Publisher
clo Toike Oike
10 King's College Circle
SFB670
Toronto, Ontario, Canada, Earth
M55-1A1

CAMPUS CLIPS

The University of Toronto's Women's Centre has not complained about anything for over one week. The WC, having just completed processing its survey of females on campus, appears to be pondering the results. The largest gap in services to women appears to be the lack of a suitable area to hang out in to attract mates.

SAC immediately decided to fund the centre to the tune of \$2000.

St. Mike's College refused to comment on the rumour that it had not received any money for the land it supposedly sold. The land was sold to save SMC from financial ruin. SMC would also not comment on the rumour that it had hired "Vito and the boys" to tap dance on the buyers' faces. They did comment however on the fact that fundraising was going quite well, because the SMC undergrads donated the money they normally spend on hairspray to the faculty fund.



GODIVA'S BOX

Dear Godiva:

I am having a problem getting it up in the morning. I am never able to get to my first two classes because my girlfriend never lets me leave till we have SEX several times. When I do get to class I am so tired I can't take notes. What should I do?

Tired Elec Eng

Dear Tired:
Become an artist.

~~~~~

Dear Box:

I have a weight problem. My boyfriend insists that I swallow. How many calories are there in cum? What food group does it fall into? Why does it taste salty?

Concerned Weight Watcher

Dear Concerned:

Sperm has 35 calories per tablespoon. So, unless you have a real weight problem, it's safe to swallow a couple times a day. In fact, the average female needs 2000 calories a day so... As for food groups, it falls under icing sugar. As for the taste of it, ask a first year meds student.

Dear Godiva's Box:

I have this problem when I eat bananas. I don't know which end to peel first.

Troubled Floosh

Dear Troubled:  
Who the fuck cares how you peel it?

~~~~~

Dear Godiva:

I am a female second year student in Commerce. I've had six boyfriends in the past two months. They've all been artists but I don't hold that against them. Despite my wanton lifestyle, I have not yet been able to achieve an orgasm. I've tried every position and read all the right books. Am I a lesbian?

Unsatisfied

Dear Unsatisfied:

No I do not think that you are a lesbian. Obviously, you have never had an Engineer. Doncha you know that artists don't believe in foreplay.

~~~~~

Dear Snatch:

I am a first year chemical engineer. I have finally discovered a true SPANISH FLY. I tested it myself. The problem is I

haven't found the antidote. What should I do?

Horny Floosh

Dear Horny  
Why do you need an antidote?

~~~~~

Dear Box:

I am a third year Psych student here at the U. of T. I understand that when a cat falls, from almost any height, it usually lands on it's feet. I also know that a heavily buttered piece of toast will always land butter-side down. What I want to know is what happens when a piece of toast is taped to the back of a cat with the butter-side up?

Enquiring

Dear Shit-for-Brains:

After reading your letter, I myself experimented with my neighbors cat (which I hate very much!) After several tosses I have concluded that if you throw the cat at a wall instead of the ground, it will not land on it's feet. I found this to be the case regardless of whether or not I had stapled bread to it's back. As for the height, I found that after about eight stories it didn't matter whether the cat did in fact land on it's feet.

~~~~~



Please send all your complaints to:

Godiva's Box  
66 Somerset Lane  
Care of Toke Oke  
B670 Sandford Flemming

The Toke Oke staff, editor, publisher anybody at all who happens to be hanging around while we are putting this rag together reserves the right to change, modify, alter or completely distort any written or verbal complaints, petting or censoring other than it sees fit to enter in Godiva's Box. This is the line print section of Godiva's Box that absolutely nobody is going to read if you have gone this far you are well advised to discontinue reading since I am well beyond the legal alcohol limit (on this planet!) I really can't fill the rest of this space with amusing mutterings therefore I must resort to my natural form of entertainment: CRUDITY!! I have, in my many years, accumulated a wealth of knowledge, below are listed just a few of the facts I have decided to lend my Ultimate Truth to:

4 out of 5 dentists hurt you when they drill holes through your teeth. (The other one removes your tooth and ensures you that this particularly torturing maneuver is quite necessary.)  
Soup is good food.  
The Godiva factory is empty!! Caramilk bars are filled by tiny aliens in another galaxy where the laws of gravity, Newtonian physics, and jaywalking do not apply.  
If a wood-chuck could chuck wood, a wood-chuck would chuck 42 sticks but would probably enroll in a good architectural design program at Ryerson since forestry is definitely not a booming industry.

□

# DON'T DRINK AND DERIVE!

## CREATIVITY: FACT OR FICTION?

Man has discovered (well actually woman has discovered, but man got the credit) through the passage of time that creativity is destructive to the mind. In fact sociologists have spent thousands of uncreative hours proving that the world's present confused state of being is attributed entirely to human creativity. Studying this burning issue the sociologists found that the prime perpetrators of this "Catastrophic Creativity Syndrome" (CCS) were artists. They were further devastated to discover that they were part of this heinous group. Realizing that artists are not only dumb, but also dangerously creative, they tried to save the world by converting to engineering. Unfortunately their case was hopeless. It was a sad sight to see their filing one by one into the SF cafeteria but there was no other option. Death by Versa food is a cruel but sometimes necessary act. The tatebuds are always the first to feel the pain. No one mourned this cut in artists population except other Homo-hop clientele.

Having read this sad tale, we hope that you will join us in our revolt against creativity. To make sure that you don't strain your brains with too much thought about how not to be creative we have included a summary of the laws of anti-creativity.

1. When in doubt read the instructions.
2. The Toke is the authoritative voice of all universal occurrences.
3. arctan x. Hyundai - cars that make sense!
4. There is no law number four.
5. If law 4. does not apply, join the sociologists.

Always remember; when asked: "How much more creative could we be?" The answer is: "The answer is none... none more creative!"

FOR  
GOD'S  
SAKE



Do good in  
zkule Johnny!  
Your brother,  
Tommy xox

Additions to the Engineers Hymn

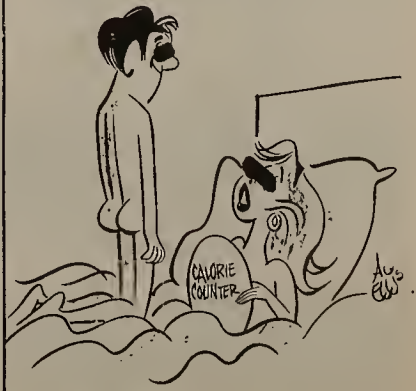
A typical old Godiva verse:

I happened once upon a girl who's eyes were full of fire,  
Her physical endowments would have made your hands perspire,  
To my surprise she told me she had never once been kissed,  
For her boyfriend was a tired engineering scientist.

Two new Godiva verses:

I happened once upon a girl who's eyes were all burned out,  
She must have aged at least ten years of that there was no doubt,  
Her boyfriend was industrial and that we knew was true for,  
He fucked her brains out every night with nothing else to do.

Industrials have got the girls and that's a known fact,  
It's not the way they part their hair or in the way they act,  
It's that they're fantastic lovers with that extra special touch,  
Since you have to get that kickful when you fuck the dog so much.



"I wouldn't think of it. That's not listed on my calorie counter."







# LGMB SKI TRIP



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Sale Starts When you arrive  
Sale Ends When they're all sold

Available At **ENGINEERING STORES**  
QUANTITIES ARE LIMITED!



Notice the  
Free Drinks!

THIS IS THE EVENT THAT MR. PETER

"OH SO" NOBLE MISSES EVERY YEAR!

# BFC Ransom Notes ...

To the Varsity,  
See ... I understand that U  
Mk miss-placed your SIGN. B&K, the  
all dust-off, & all know's BFC  
We can return, Re Kover IT.  
[For A Price] [Let U mat  
(on Da' 1st Pgs) admit U bsd it]  
3rd you MUST print all artside  
By the Engine os, UnEditted  
Which will BE submitted at a later  
or sooner date] Give Money to  
C.F. Hrvos  
Engineering Society.  
define illegals 14.7071  
XDX [in dollars]  
Da' Chief

Dear S.U.C.,

- 4 you silly little war room door, we want:
- world peace
  - goodwill to all women
  - no more female (we mean it, man!)
  - fire escape to the dome
  - safety nets around the dome
  - emergency escape slide from the dome to the steam tunnels
  - 2 Romulan cloaking devices
  - an office in the SAC building (and not the fucking bathroom)
  - a pre-fueled 747, with a flight crew, and Swedish stewardesses
  - we want C.B.S. to seriously FUCK OFF
  - a shrubbery or we will say NI (pronounced knee)
  - 25 (not 26) but 25 bottles of Black Label
  - 41 (not 40) but 41 ounces (oz.) of 151 -oops proof rum
  - public plea published in the SAC notice boards next week saying you lost your war room door for the 3rd year in a row
  - a healthy (impress us) public donation to C.F.

These demands should be taken seriously, at least the last 4. We don't really have your door, but we can get it back. Do not force us (we mean it, woman!), we will call you. We have power tools. We know how to use them.

Da' Chief

## The BFC: A day in the life...



Transcendental Meditation begins.



The UC tower begins to levitate ...



... and float away.



BFC has successfully "borrowed" the tower.



Now we try to borrow SAC.



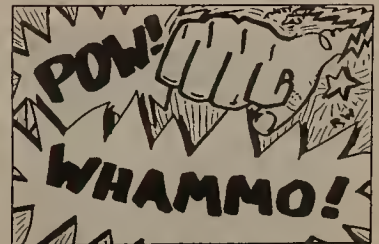
Shaking things up a bit.



Oops, we caught someone's attention.



BFC 'borrows' Rambo instead.



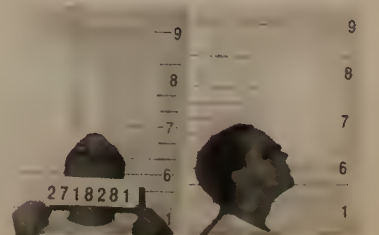
Cops busted us (they kept the negative).



Going on a four month holiday.



Grunt



Stretch



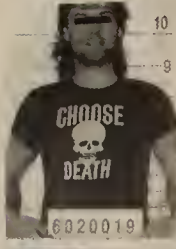
TORE ORE



The Master



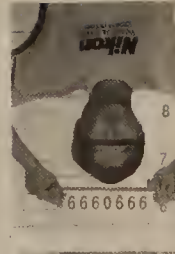
Animal



June



Chief



Hudson



Spike



We leave - Jail has no chicks



'Borrowing' a car.



Happiness



Getting in car.



Driving away ....



.....Uh, the



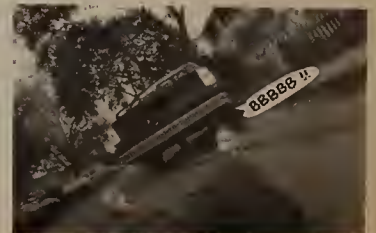
photographer forgets



to move out of the



way ..... '



No serious injuries.

# THE DICE



Going to the airport.



'Borrowing' a plane.



Trying to take off, but BFC too heavy.



Deciding what size to take.



Checking out the next plane.



A quick conference.



Examining the integrity of the plane.

Official type person lurking about.



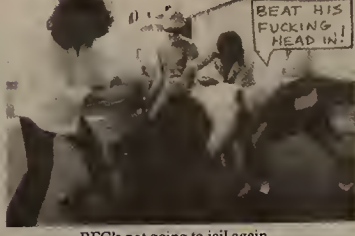
Got a perfect plane.



'Borrowing' plane.



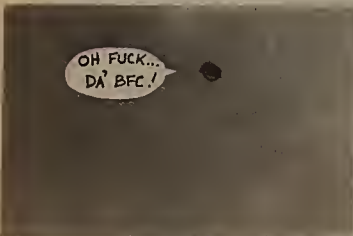
Official type person stops us.



BFC's not going to jail again.



Boarding our new plane.



Chasing UFO.



Showing off the day's catch.



Party time.



Cheers!!



(Not so) party time.



Party's over.



# SAC Datebook: A Waste of Good Trees

The cover: What the fuck is on the cover?

Once again the Student Administrative Council, ie. SAC, have let the students down. Fred, the Datebook, is another fine example of SAC Screwup Big Time. Take the cover for example. What on or off earth are those green things? Are they the metaphysical extensions of the SAC mentality? Are they merely a warp in the retina of the artist's eye? Are they a metaphor of life? No, they tell us not. The artist claims they are trees; bare and desolate, alone in the social wasteland of the St. George campus. Why is there yellow on the cover? Yellow is (gasp!) EVIL!!! The cover has no red tints in it (especially orange) Red is NICE. We think there should have been an opulent waterfall in the lower right region of the cover instead of that self-indulgent glorification of the SAC logo which we are all too tired of seeing. Who needs a cover you can eat pizza off of? (ie. we don't like the gloss finish. It's not cool.) SAC self-indulgency does not end at the cover. SAC, SAC, SAC, Blah, Blah, Blah, AFK!!! (pages 2, 3, 9, 13, 15, 16, 16, 16..., 20, 25, 39, 47, 56, 91, inside back cover)

Page 9: The Family Portrait

This must be the ugliest picture by SAC ever. Overindulgent mother and overhappy father dominate centre stage. Habib, their 17-year old foster son from New Guinea pouts on the right side while Gretchen the Maid and Meathead the Butcher overlook with affection the Happy Campus Family.

Page 9: The Pep Letter

'SAC represents all 30 000 full-time student undergraduates at the University of Toronto.' BULLSHIT This year's board represents a fraction of the 10% of the student body who were bothered/coerced/bribed to vote. (Still pg. 9)

'Get involved now!' Why. Do we really want to look like the Happy Campus Family? We think not! We'd rather go sexless on a Tuesday night.

And what else do we hate, you may muse to yourself?

Item 1: Confusing date splits in the Year at a Glance. (eg. 24/31 Oct, it's confusing.)

Item 2: The PacMan that gets stuck in the middle because of the staple.

Item 3: Violence against PacMen. (We don't like it one bit.)

Item 4: There is no item 4

Item 5: Nor is there an item 5

Item 6: The incompetent and inconsistent lack of an Elvis quote on the 21st of May.

Item 7: The fill-in the balloons cartoons. Why bother?

Item 8: Over fifty lines per page is too many. (Why not two or seventeen or another prime number?)

Item 9: The dates are too big for people with 20/20 vision. Who needs to read Fred at fifty metres anyway?

Item 10: The nasty squiggle on pg. 68

But most of all, we hate MR. JUNE. Who is he? Who was his mother? What does he want? What egotistical knob puts their fucking picture in Fred, the Datebook?

All in all, Fred, the Datebook was \$35 000 worth of SAC propaganda. What can we expect next; the names of all the SAC Directors highlighted in the SAC Directory perhaps (if it ever gets here)? This concludes our analysis of Fred, the Datebook. Next issue, look for an indepth report on the true relationships that have developed in SAC and other student unions, between certain high level representatives.



"I wonder what happened to my bubble gum?"

(77)

Skule Nite 8/9

\*\*\*Your chance to be a star\*\*\*

Cast and Band Auditions

Stage Crew and Construction Sign-up  
October 31, November 1 and 3, 1988

7:00pm-9:00pm

GB202

For more info call:

Ken Klang, Producer @ 324-9129

Jovaniti Sy, Director @ 440-1400 x267 (by day)

538-8865 (by night)

## The Creation of pizza, the university, and the Engineer.

A True Story ...

In the beginning there was nothing. The coalescing matter and animator did not combine; their paths flowed to and fro independent of their nature. Then from time beyond recall there did exist a being of unquestionable power ... H.E.L. Hel was evil. Hel was the first of his line in utter control of what he saw. Hel was not of creation or for creation Hel was without end. Hel was endless.

From the time Hel came into existence he/she knew that he/she was in control of all electrical, mechanical, chemical, industrial, metallurgical, civil, and geological (or is that geographical) systems. Hel was N.Y., N.Y. was hell ... even in the beginning.

With all the knowledge of the disciplines Hel began creation. There was ground, there were crevasses, chasms, gorges, ravines, rivers, estuaries, rivulets, tributaries, brooks, creeks, streams, hills, drifts, knolls, mounds, mountains, acclivities, banks, grades, inclines, slopes, gradients, pitches, angles, bevels, inclines, slants, tilts, levels and thus there was a need, a deep palpitating need for ... Civil Engineers.

The Civil Engineers were spawned from Hel yet they were good. They built bridges, overpasses, viaducts, bonds, connections, links, ties, spans, and crosses. Hel saw this and Hel was mad (c.f. "Mad as Hell") for this was good and productive. To obliterate the constructs of the Civils Hel devised the Machines he/she conceived automobiles, convertibles, limousines, steamboats, airplanes, washing machines, dryers, vibrators, cash registers, toenail clippers, bottle openers,

cameras, and locks. Hel saw that this did damage to the good constructs of the Civils but the machines did falter and break thus were the Mechanicals spawned from Hel. They did keep all the machines in working order. (Of course Hel didn't know about the Ryerson Polytechnical Institute!) The Mechanicals designed newer and more efficient machines that conserved energy, that did not devastate the landscape. The Mechanicals were good.

Hel saw what happened and was not pleased ... He/She had fucked up again!! Hel was furious. The ground shook, the earth heaved, brightness flashed from the abyss that was Hel. He/She designed that which he/she thought would put an end to the blasphemous fabrications of those sent before. He/She gave to this, his fiercest creation, the power of the electron.

They were called the Electricals. As did their predecessors before them the Electricals used their knowledge for good and not evil. Thus it went on to Chemicals, Geologicals (or is that Geographical), Metallurgical, and the Industrials (... and the Industrials ??? Oh well, it's only a story).

Each was more devious than the fore. Yet Hel didst fail at each avenue. Then in his/her ultimate wrath, he/she devised the utmost of all evils. The Engineers were doomed to ... LIFE!! They were born without knowledge or hair. Nothing more than mere masses of goo. At first, the Engineers did kill their children not realizing they weren't yeast infections. It was a time of chaos, not all the engineering could withstand the social pressures of this decadent, corrupt, debauched, perverted, immoral, dissolute, and depraved society. They grew not all into fine young En-



gineers but also doctors, gynecologists, lawyers, nurses, pharmacists, video rental store attendants, watermelons, et al.

As the generations progressed, the beginnings were forgotten; the society degenerated. Women and Men were proliferous. Diseases were spread and conquered and spread and spread some more: the Black Plague, AIDS, the common cold (a killer mutant strain based on the original). Yet through all this did the Engineers survive and their creations prosper.

Deep in the pits of Hel, from streaming thoughts and theories Hel did generate his/her final evil. In a fury a flowing formulae and abstract concepts Hel consumed himself/herself and in the aftermath was his/her final deed. A quivering bucket of flesh, it wore dark, thick rimmed glasses, an HP-28S held

lovingly in it's right hand and it's dick in it's left. This was the Engineering Science student, a creature of theory and impractical concept incapable of accomplishing good and therefore inflicting useless, trivial, inconsequential, insignificant, minor, meaningless, unimportant, measly, paltry tidbits of information upon the others of the world. The N.Y. filled the only remaining social positions, from them were spawned the teachers, professors, T.A.'s, Lab assistants, and other such leeches upon society.

Soon the N.Y. and the like became valid members of society. The turmoil of days long past was forgotten. Yet never did people stop suspecting the N.Y. for truly the skules, institutions, and other places of learning which they constructed caused much grief and strife, for skule was evil ...

□







# A Sex Object

## FemLibs Remove a Boob can Help!



A satisfied customer writes:

"I was tired of my tits. Just because of them men wouldn't leave me alone. Italian construction workers and wimpy engineers would whistle at me. They would phone me up for dates. All they wanted was to feel me up. They refused to appreciate my C-average in Dependent Women's Studies. Then I used FemLib's Remove A Boob. Men don't phone me any more; only Eng Sci types whistle at me. Now I am free to spend my evenings with other 'Real Women' who have also had their tits eradicated, doing what we like best-- but now we're not bothered by guys. I have also saved about thirty dollars since I don't have to buy bras any more. I will be eternally grateful."

German Queer

A revolutionary new treatment for women who are tired of being a constant source of men's adulations just because they own a set of tits.

Designed for women, by a woman, FemLib's new treatment unburdens women from those ghastly knockers. Thousands of enlightened women have used it and thousands more will. Are you woman enough to try it?

## FROM TITS TO PITS WITH FemLibs Remove a Boob!!!

### THE NEWS IN BRIEFS

In Northern Ireland, security forces found a large arsenal of weapons including a Soviet made rocket launcher believed to belong to the Irish Republican Army. Libya has been rumored to be supplying arms to the IRS. The IRS raided Heritage USA an amusement park in the mid-United States financed by the PTL Club. The PTL Club started Heritage USA using funds donated by disillusioned Americans. When asked, PLO leader Anal Roberts claimed, "We are justified in everything we have done." The Palestine Librarian Organization have affirmed their strength in the North Bay by... Yes-sir Arafat. The leslibrarians have been stationed in North Bay since violence broke out in March. The rebel troops are fighting for freedom in their homeland. Nicaraguan president, Juakhin Anduhar, claims that the rebel troops are being supplied by the FBI. The juice company denies any connection with the KGB. Sources at the Kremlin cited the fifth amendment as their reason pulling out of Afganna-famma-fomamma-banana-stanna-jojamma (fee-fi-fio-fammer). Pakistanna spent the weekend. Over the weekend, tormatos with winds in excess of 100 km/h ravaged the shores of Alberta. Trucks of tormados were over turned by a violent tormato. It is believed the mottares originated in a part of South-western East Central America. Earlier this afternoon a swarm of flying killer penguins was spotted along the south border of the newly founded American Territory Canda. Witnesses claim that the penguins were carrying Grand and Toy stenopads in their beaks and singing "Glory Alleluja" in Russian. The Japanese in response to this new threat to ancient farming traditions have developed the first nuclear firecracker. With a force of one newton the firecracker accelerates downward at the speed of a louse infested siamese chipmunk. A call to arms was announced at the local chapter of the YWCA and war has been declared on erasable ink. The irascable chairman has in turn made a deposit in the sum of \$140M at a TD branch. The TA's have purchased a pack of jelly-tots and sent the remaining funds to allies overseas. Students in South Australia have rallied in protest against the apparent Government. Swiss soldiers stationed in the DMZ stormed the Panama Channel 5 cable 8.

## The Assifieds

To have your add appear in the Toke Oke Assifieds, please send your message along with any amount of cash you see fit to:

**Oke Assifieds**  
10 Kings College Rd.  
B670 Sandford Flemming  
Toronto, Ontario, Canada, North America, Earth, Sol, The Milky Way.

All letter bombs may be sent directly to SAC where I'm sure they will be appreciated.

One St. Bernard seeks one adventurous W/W for sharing of rum kegs and night time sports. No canine experience needed. Mail to BOW OW.

S/W/M/F seeking one S/W/F/T.A. to solve private problem sets. Mail to box SEX180F.

B/W S/F/M seeks Bi-MFM is willing to experience RLL/XT AC/DC conversion thrills, eats, sleeps, crawls on all fours. Respond P.O. Stn. A. Box 8001.

G/W/M seeks no one. Willing to stay at home by myself. Masterbates, walks around nude. Seeks dis-

similar S/W/F for stimulating eye contact. BOB 555-1304.

Horny Male Engineer seeks three nympho artsies will settle for moist lips and tasty crackers. Susie your the best. Leave message Toke box 16.

You've brought joy to my life, warmth to my nights.

Your touch is happiness and your kiss is love... if only incest wasn't illegal.

S/W E.T. seeks organic oxygen breathing terran. Wishes to exchange dynamic sulphide polymer complexes

and 1958 baseball cards. To respond place immature squirrel in Hitachi microwave for 18 seconds (or til explosion).

Blonde leather-loving S/W/F quasi-perma-firosh seeks sex-starved, mature engineering type dude. No experience necessary. On the job training available. Apply Within.

S/W/M NY seeks alternative to S/B&W problem set, namely S/W/F. Please respond. Toke Box 2.718.

S/W/M NY now seeking SF of any race, creed, colour, university program, or

planetary system. Toke Box 2.718.

Still same ex-S/W/M NY without luck, now Bi/W/M NY looking for anything with hole. PLEASE RESPOND! Desparate Box 2.718.

Same Bi/W/M NY no longer searching. Hand loosening exercise book required for low price. Toke Box 2.718.

Stellar Dwarf in search of supernova. Black hole experience necessary. Willing to try space-time warp. Respond to 23rd gamma ray frequency level.

Fairy-tale freak and Mother Goose seek Jack with long beanstalk. Contact 101 yellow brick road.

AMGSWCHIYY seeks same, but not just any AMGSWCHIYY from the masses will do! Lower torso picture a must! No in/out/up/down calls. Toke Box 6T9.

Sexy, hot, sweet, luscious, dripping, horny, liberal, kinky, loose, and wrinkled granny seeks well hung, horny, hot, hip, inexperienced jock hunk to test home cooking.

Hot and heavy, big and bouncy, stiff stud, seeking wonderfully wet and magically moist sex slave. Box 14.5.

Gading Gadang Gadong Gadew ... and 14,000 peasants marched into the citadel only to discover that there were no fish and there was no bread.

BMW seeks CRX for VW type fun. No MRZ CRX impersonations; RX7, TR7, and XR4TI disguises accepted. Please send Car and Driver picture. Toke Box 735i.





Three Nuns were killed in a car accident on the 401.

In purgatory St. Peter spoke to the three nuns. To the first nun St. Peter said "To enter heaven your final test is to answer this question correctly: Who was the first man on earth?"

"That's easy", said the first nun, "it was Adam."

The Bells rang three times, and the angels heralded the nun's entrance.

To the second Nun, St. Peter asked "Who was the first woman on earth?"

"Of course that was Eve" responded the second nun.

The bells rang three times, and the angels heralded the nun's entrance.

To the third nun, St. Peter asked "What was the first thing that Eve said to Adam?"

Well, the nun was flabbergasted, in all the reading she had ever done, she had never come across any references to specific topics of conversation between Adam and Eve, and could only murmur "hmmmm... that's a hard one" while she thought about what Eve could possibly have said to Adam.

The bells rang three times, and the angels heralded the nun's entrance.

#### Film Ratings:

F - Nobody gets the girl.

AA - The good guy gets the girl.

R - The bad guy gets the girl

(or) The good guy GETS the girl.

X - Everybody gets the girl.

A pretty girl goes into a clothing store and asks the proprietor: "May I try on that beautiful yellow dress in the window please." The owner responded immediately, "Why certainly my dear, this is a busy street though, so

could you please stay there and model it for the passers by afterwards?"

I like my women in satin and lace, but I like them best when they sit on my face.

Sam the bartender watched in amazement as a customer drank several mugs of beer, and then proceeded to eat the mugs, and place the handles neatly in a row on the bar. Turning to another customer, the bartender whispered, "Did you see that? He must be out of his mind!"

The customer responded, "I can't understand it myself, the handles are the best part."

On his first jump, a paratrooper recruit listened carefully as his sergeant instructed his squad in procedures: "Jump, count to ten, and then pull the ripcord. We have arranged for a troop carrier to meet you in the landing area to take you back to the base."

The recruit jumped from the plane faithfully, and after ten seconds pulled his ripcord. The parachute did not open! The recruit realized there was a slight problem and yelled "Damn. I'll just bet the trucks don't show up either!"

Three young boys were bored one day, and in need of some excitement. They decided to

pool their financial resources, and see what they could do or get. Upon taking up a collection, they realized that their net worth was only three dollars.

One of the boys said exuberantly that he had a spectacular idea, and that he would leave his bicycle with the other two, and see what he could get from the store with three dollars.

The boy returned shortly exuberant. He had with him a box of feminine protection (tampons). The other two boys chided him immediately, and asked "what the hell are we going to do with a box of tampons?"

The first young boy stood up tall, beamed brighter than ever, and read from the packaging. "Look here, it says we can use them to go swimming, hiking, horseback riding, tobogganing, sailing, etc."

When a mother phoned her jobless son (he's obviously not an engineer, ed.), she could only get his answering machine which said "I'm not here right now - but through the wonders of modern electronics you may leave me a message, and I'll get back to you later on today."

Her reply was brief: "Through the wonders of ancient biology, this is your mother speaking. Call, or ELSE!!!"

Two homosexuals walking along a street came upon a dog. The dog was licking its own dick the way dogs do whenever you look at them, and "it" is still intact. After walking on a short distance one homosexual turned to the other, and said "I only wish I could do that!"

Driving through the Australian outback, an American tourist and his wife pulled over to watch the amazing sight of a bushman running down a kangaroo on foot! Almost out of breath, the bushman eventually caught the kangaroo and proceeded to fuck its brains out.

A few kilometres further, the couple saw a stockman on horseback running down a Kangaroo, which, when he caught it, he raped.

Over the next hill, the two came into a little town where they stopped at a public house to quench their thirst. The man went into the washroom to relieve himself and discovered to his dismay, a fellow with one leg who was leaning against the wall next to his crutches and masturbating like an hydraulic drill.

The tourist hurried back into the bar and stared at the barman. "What kind of country is this?" he asked. "Back up the road we saw a man catch and rape a kangaroo, then a little further along we witnessed another man running a kangaroo down and rape it! Just now I went into the restroom and found a man with one leg pulling on himself like the end of the world was tomorrow. What the hell is going on?"

The barman stared back incredulously: "Well mate, you certainly don't expect a bloke with only one leg to run a kangaroo down do ya?"

A lady who had just moved into a new house went shopping for some furniture. She went into a store, and looked around for a new mirror for her bathroom. A salesman showed her many different varieties, all relatively

## TOIKES

cheap. Then she came across one that was only 5 cm by 10 cm, and very plain, but was priced at \$563.47. She asked the salesman to explain to her why it was so expensive. The salesman responded, saying it was a very special mirror which will give you anything you ask it for. The woman purchased it immediately and dashed home with it.

Once she had hung it upon the wall she stared at her reflection for a while. Deciding to test the mirror, she said "Mirror mirror on the wall, make my tits touch the wall." And instantly, her tits grew out until they touched the wall! She was so proud that she went and put on her best negligee and waited for her husband to come home.

When he got home, his eyes nearly popped out of their sockets. He asked her how she did it, and she told him about the mirror. He went in to see for himself. He looked at it for a while, and then decided to ask for a larger dick (he was pretty small in that department). So he said "Mirror mirror on the wall, make my penis touch the floor."

And instantly, his legs fell off!!!

A man was passing by a school when he noticed a small sign over the front door. The sign read 'PLEASE RING BELL FOR CARETAKER'. He rang the bell and an old man opened the door. "Are you the caretaker?" the fellow asked. "Yes, I am," replied the old man. "What do you want?" "I'd just like to know why you can't ring the bell yourself."

What do you call a hooker with a runny nose???

FULL!!!

A big flea jumped in over the swinging doors of a saloon, drank three whiskeys, and jumped out again. He landed smack in the middle of the street. "Damn it all!" said the flea as he slowly picked himself up. "Who moved my dog?"



"Sure it tastes great, but it isn't very nourishing."

An English traveller asked by the Australia Immigration if he had a criminal record, expressed some surprise that such a qualification was still required to enter Australia.

Why isn't your cock 12 inches long? Then it would be a foot. Ha

Did you hear about the new polish million dollar lottery?  
If you win, you get a dollar a year, for a million years!!

Question: How can you avoid AIDS?  
Answer: Sit tight and keep your mouth shut.

Two Trinites had paid a high price for an Akc registered bird dog, and they excitedly took him out for a field trial.

After an hour, one Trinite said in disgust, "This damned dog is no good. We might as well put him to sleep."

The other Trinite replied, "Let's throw him in the air one more time. If he doesn't fly this time, we'll just shoot him."

A man walked into a bank and then yelled "Everybody put your hands in the air!" and

then he pulled out a needle and said "Anyone move and I'll inject the AIDS virus into you". Everyone put their hands in the air and were shutting their pants. An Artiste in the corner walked up to the bank robber and the robber stabbed him with the needle and said "What the hell do you think you're doing? I just gave you the AIDS virus!!". The artiste replied, "So what, I'm wearing a condom!!".

#### Five Bad Things About Being an Egg:

1. You only get laid once.
2. You only get eaten once.
3. It takes you 4 minutes to get hard.

4. The only person who sits on your face is your mother.

5. You spend your life in a box with 11 other guys.

What do a sabre-toothed tiger and a limp dick have in common?

You don't fuck with either of them.

An engineer walks into a bar where the only patron is one artiste at the end of the bar.

Engineer to bartender: See that guy down there? Give him whatever he wants and put it on my tab.

Bartender: What? Are you nuts? You never buy drinks for anyone, especially artists.

Engineer: We both work in the mine, and you know that cave-in we had today? Well that guy held up a beam with his head and allowed everyone to get out. He saved us all, and that's why I'm buying all his drinks. Take a look at the marks on his forehead when you go down there.

The bartender serves the artiste his drinks and notices the marks on his forehead. But he also notices marks all over the artiste's chin. Thinking this strange, he walks back to the engineer.

Bartender to engineer: I did like you said, and I saw the marks on his forehead. But he also had marks on his chin. Where did they come from?

Engineer: Oh, that's where we put the jack.







## Varsity sports store

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## Checking Out The Action.

Call up some friends. Head over to an outdoor cafe. Get good seats. Order beer. Now keep your eyes peeled. If something nice comes along, alert your friends. Express your admiration. Be creative. Do not pant, drool or make animal sounds. Pace yourself. There'll be plenty more nice things coming by. That's what checking out the action is all about.



**Molson Canadian**  
What Beer's All About.



# HORRORSCOPE

**SCORPIO (Oct. 24 - Nov. 22)** This is your month to enjoy kinky sex, ignore those mid-terms and get yours! Chems, this is your month. Mix yourself up something wild and exotic in the lab for those windy November nights. After two years of handling glassware you should appreciate curves. Try satin sheets this month to avoid that sticky wax buildup. Avoid sex on Nov. 17 as this is the day Cary will be on the rampage and even the smell of feminists gets him going.

**SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23 - Dec. 21)** Have some electrifying experiences this month, especially around the 22nd and 23rd when the guys finish their exams. If you've been putting up with articles of any type you can finally put away your vibrator until December 10. Send your favorite prof some indecent proposals, he's been eying you for weeks but all that bullshit from the Women's Centre has been holding him back. Start putting your feet up on the seat in front of you, he's the only one that can see.

**CAPRICORN (Dec. 22 - Jan. 20)** Powerful sexuality, though rare, stimulates you towards the Galbraith building this month. If you find the Civils a disappointment

with their collapsed members, you might find a sexually proficient Eng Sci. Don't hurt him with the crowbar and send the other guy home before things go too far. Don't be afraid of self-help methods either; you've been shy too long. If all else fails, and you really get desperate, Peter Noble will be available at 8:00 PM on Jan. 13, after the Eng. Soc council meeting.

**AQUARIUS (Jan. 21 - Feb. 19)** Indulge your high-spirited lust this month, and try position 41 (see pg. 55 of "Lustfucker's Guide to the Galaxy"). If you can't find five guys to go along with this idea, seven history majors and three psych students may be sufficient. Be prepared for a meeting with that special stud who's been passing you in the cafeteria recently. Great sex could develop if you play your cards right, and he hasn't been licking "Nutty Kones" all these years for nothing. Let him know you'd like to experiment, and get him to bring his friends. Aquarians have always been into group sex.

**PISCES (Feb. 20 - Mar. 20)** Something fishy going on this month? Write a letter to the WC and let them know that a FemEng can handle her man, and only frustrated artsie women are

driven to utter despair. Let all your fantasies culminate this month in an orgy with a couple of fourth year MMS students. They may not be men of steel, but they've certainly got steel where it counts for as long as it counts to you. Let them know they turn you on with some force balances you learned in first year. You may find your fluid mechanics course cums in handy about this time.

**ARIES (Mar. 21 - Apr. 19)** Business CAN be combined with pleasure today if you make a date with the peachy interviewer from that electronics company. You'll be demonstrating executive skills he never dreamed of, and he may be a welcome relief from those boring blow-jobs your guy from geological seems to prefer. In fact, you can the Geo where he belongs at the same time, in the men's can near the Eng. Sci common room. Let the positive attractions flow! (Along with other miscellaneous fluids) One more word of advice, tell the Industrial who says he's on the male pill to go screw a conveyor belt.

**TAURUS (Apr. 20 - May. 20)** Surprisingly, the harder you work today, the smaller things will get. Don't be fooled by his excuses, tell

the jerk about your affair with the photographer from the rag down the street. Better, tell him about all your affairs with local engineers and let him fend for himself. He'll probably shit his pants when he thinks of all the fun he's been missing. Send your apartment key with one of your sexist bras downstairs to the good-looking Electrical (good thing he's not in Eng. Sci. eh?) and prepare for a good time. Let him dominate for the first while, he's had a lot of experience with AC and DC systems.

**GEMINI (May. 21 - June 20)** You're not under the sign of the twins for nothing, you can keep two men satisfied without any problems as long as you remember your thermodynamics. A lot of heat can be liberated if you get into the right mood. You might like to try it against the wall this month, just for a change, and whatever you do, avoid those proposals which might be honorable, they are the surest route to boredom! Since the mechanical super-studs will be free after this month (see Scorpio) you might try to catch one on the rebound after the executive meeting on the 6th, God knows they'll try anything!

**CANCER (June 21 - July 22)** You're in the mood for a

gross-out, and since the Toike is under attack, the easiest way for you to achieve this is to attend a meeting of the Engineering Science club's executive. If the sight of these guys passively admiring each other isn't enough to make you sick, send out for some anchovy pizza and ask them what it reminds them of. Believe me, you won't get the typical answer. Take a course in psychology and remember, when they talk about penis envy, they're referring to the way artsie women feel when they see some engineering woman and her man.

**LEO (July 23 - Aug. 22)** This month you'll feel that no one can do it better than you can, and you're absolutely right. If you're a mechanical woman you're doubly blessed, and if he agrees, you should stay on top all this month. Beware of that you've found Mr. Big you should hold onto him lest some weasly first year nymph makes a play for him. Show him what you learned in that Mechanics of Solids course to make it as solid as you possibly can. Remember your thin walled pressure vessel girls!

**VIRGO (Aug. 23 - Sep. 22)** You haven't been a virgin since your 14th birthday and you haven't missed it yet.

Run out right now and sign up that first year Civil who's been intriguing you all month before some upperclasswoman beats you to it. A body like that may not cum along too often in your undergraduate years, especially if you happen to be in some less popular disciplines. If you happen to be in fourth year industrial, study up on your course IND424R, man-machine systems, and be prepared to put this course to good use between the 14th and the 17th.

**LIBRA (Sept. 23 - Oct. 23)** Try to relax this month and be tolerant of his little shows of male superiority, he may have taken his Control Systems course too seriously. Tempt him with promises but don't let him know how much he gets you off, after all, he's supposed to be striving for perfection in everything he does. Take him out for dinner on the 5th, you'd be surprised how horny he'll get when you hold him under the table at that favorite little restaurant on Bloor Street. Prove to him that Libras do not fall asleep during sex and he'll be yours for as long as he makes you cum.